Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beaſt now:
Pal. As thou makſt me, Traytour. (fumes.
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and ſhirts, and, per.
Ile come againe ſome two howres hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all,
Pal. A Sword and Armour.
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought;
Pal. Sir ha:
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors daughter.*

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has ſeene my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the ſea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l looſe all els:
Vp with a courſe or two, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle ſhell, and ſayle
By eaſt and North Eaſt to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile ſay never a word.

Sing. *For ile cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes, an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe ſeeke him, throw the world that is ſo wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaſt
Againſt